

Admiral Kamimura will now find it possible to go home without being clubbed.

Sir Thomas Lipton continues to have faith in good losing as a business proposition.

An actress sued for divorce says she had forgotten her marriage. Now, that's real acting.

General Ma and Admiral Sah as yet have shown no sign of serious incompatibility of temperament.

Gracious, what a glorious thing it would have been for the Russians if the czar's boy had been twins.

Naturally the project to make paper money "velvety" has failed, and we shall go on working hard for it as of old.

Sherlock Holmes is needed to explain the true inwardness of the story of the missing jewels down in Newport.

Col. Younghusband, owing to his indisposition—to move—may be compelled to go into winter quarters in Tibet.

Obolensky, the new governor of Finland, probably is carrying all the insurance companies care to write for him.

A Chicago journalist is in jail. Those Washington people who want to have an injunction served on a pianist should cheer up.

If an injunction will not stop a man from drumming the scales on a piano for fifteen hours at a stretch, there are other weapons.

John Burroughs may think that all the cats ought to be killed, because they hunt for birds, but doesn't he love the little kittens?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has written a play in verse, and it is to be put on the stage. But this is not bravery. It is mere reckless daring.

A Delaware woman is reported to have succeeded in feeding a family of five people on 27 cents a day. Must have been very cheap people.

This announcement that stogies may be made of sugar-beet leaves clears up a matter that had long been a mystery to persons who have smoked them.

One football victim has already been listed. Must the gridiron tragedies be added so early to the railroad and steamboat and other kinds of accidents?

The Grand Duke Boris has been recalled to St. Petersburg in disgrace. Kuropatkin found it too much to contend with the Japs and with the grand duke, too.

In spite of Mrs. Goelt's social prominence her example of forgetting a tin cup full of diamonds on the kitchen table is not likely to become fashionable.

In New Jersey the mosquitoes are so fierce that people are laid up in the hospitals from their attacks, thus adding a new luster to the accident insurance proposition.

Naturally the czar doesn't mean to reform all the evils that exist in Russia right away. He wants, of course, to save something to be done when the royal baby gets a tooth.

In West Virginia an eccentric clergyman is to stand on a mountain top and preach through a megaphone. He would do better to stand on his dignity and sit down on his foghorn.

Princeton professors are about to make a trip to Egypt for the purpose of studying the pyramids. Presumably they are familiar with the history of the notable sphinxes of this country.

A New York banker recently got nine years and six months in the pen. Strange that men will persist in taking chances instead of taking enough to win the reputation of being great financiers.

The worst case of "marble heart" on record is supplied by the story of a Chicago man, who recently worried the undertakers by living sixteen hours with a bullet in that department of his interior.

A noted ornithologist says the so-called English sparrow is wrongly named, and that it should be called the Russian sparrow. But this looks like trying to pile more trouble on an already afflicted country.

The Delaware woman who is boasting that she has fed a family of five on 27 cents a day doesn't say so, but it may be that she substituted sawdust for the customary breakfast food and they didn't know the difference.

The editor of the London Times has declined a peerage because he wants to be free from obligations to the government and the crown. A good reason. He might have added, however, that he declined also because he didn't need an American heiress in his business.

A Halsted Street Etching

Wun Lung Kerrigan, the Sage of Bubbly Creek

Wun Lung Kerrigan had sashayed over many a foreign land, Wun Lung had a courteous manner and a haunting smile and bland, and a copious crop of whiskers-rippling down his sturdy breast. And a pair of buckskin bloomers and a gorgeous yellow vest.

Wun Lung hypnotized the masses, Wun Lung always charmed the ear, Wun Lung had a honeyed accent, and a bitter, caustic sneer. As he sold his "Long Restorer," he would shed a phisic smile, Wun Lung was a gorgeous grafter and his heart was full of guile.

"Shadrach Snakeroot's Great Elixir" was the liniment he made—"Bolvax Blix Blix Blix" soothed the thirsty Halsted trade, "Lariat Luke" from Pocatello stood his partner, and true, "Pine Pete" from old Socorro joined this fierce, marauding crew.

A gaudy cloak of glaring color which he donned with careless grace, And a dashing gray sombrero slouched unruly round his face, Red hair, up his head, Tribby's, eagle plumes upon his head, And he used to thump the banjo and caroled off of "Crippled Ned."

Bubbly Creek was where he hailed from, where the chattering waters glide, Bubbly Creek, whose shaggy billows cool the steaming stock yards side; If you catch a whiff of Bubbly you can smell it for a mile, Oh, the fragrance of the stock yards made the tranquil rustic smile.

Wun Lung wore a Smith and Wesson and a big bowie by his side, "Pine Pete" from Pocatello was his legman true and tried; "Lariat Luke," a courteous cut-throat with a shy embarrassed air, Dettly whirled his snaky lasso on the Halsted thoroughfare.

Wun Lung was a smooth spellbinder and he witched the rural swain, And he organized the club for the stirring fall campaign, And he touched the boodle barrel of each sanguine candidate,

And he chastely murmured, "Felix, we are sure to win the state."

Wun Lung stumped the rural regions with the glee club on his staff, And convulsed each brawny fellow, made the guileless rustic laugh, "Tarantula Tom" would carol blithely of the strenuous pray, "Pine Pete" would pick their pockets in a tender, dreamy way.

Wun Lung's strolling bunch of grafters foraged over the country side, And they argued over silver, selling gold bricks on the side, And the courteous green goods merchant prospered like a millionaire, How he cursed the Wall street shysters and the sharks and gold bugs there.

Wun Lung's troubadours meandered in a gorgeous Pullman train, And they held the masses spellbound during all the fierce campaign, And they worked the "short change" racket and they deftly threw the shell, "Hungry Hiram Handout" marveled that they wrought so wondrous well.

Wun Lung gives the frosty finger to each sanguine candidate, Who refused to cough up boodle when they touched him for the freight; Wun Lung used to swing the precinct in the shuddering days of yore, When the patriots would rally and the legemen thirst for gore.

"Shadrach Snakeroot's Great Elixir" was the medicine they sold, "Bolvax Blix Blix Blix" cured Roots and herbs and spicy grasses garnered on Italian shore, Brewed the Old Tecumseh Bitters which the Kickapooos adore.

But the Civic Federation nipped the tuncful fakers plan, And no more he votes the corpses or the hairy lodging man, Civil service makes him nervous, they have spoiled his artless game; And the knackers and the grafters cast contempt on his fame.

JAMES E. KINSELLA, Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Saved by Bad Spelling

Col. Artemus Lee of Templeton, one of the most estimable citizens of northern Worcester county, a man imperious and quick-tempered, who had been apt to have his own way in the region where he dwelt, and not very willing to give up to anybody, employed Senator Hoar once to bring suit for him against the town of Templeton to recover taxes which he claimed had been illegally assessed and collected. The senator says in his autobiography:

"He was a man whose spelling had been neglected in early youth. Aldrich was for the town. All the facts showing the illegality of the assessment, of course, were upon the town records. So we thought if the parties met with their counsel we could agree upon a statement of facts and submit the question of law to the courts."

"We met in Judge Aldrich's office, Col. Lee and myself and Judge Aldrich and some of the town officers, to make up the statement. But Mr. Aldrich had not had time to look very deeply into the law of the case and made

some difficulties in agreeing upon the fact which we thought rather unreasonable. We sat up to a late hour on a hot summer's evening trying to get a statement.

"At last Lee's patience gave out. 'He had had one or two hot passages at arms with Mr. Aldrich in the course of the discussion already. He rose to his feet and said in a very loud and angry tone—his voice was always something like that of the bull of Bashan—'This is a farce.'"

"Aldrich rose from his seat and to the occasion, and said very angrily, 'What's that you say, sir?'"

"Lee clenched both his fists by his side, thrust his own angry countenance close up to that of his antagonist, and said: 'A farce, sir—F-A-R-S-E, farce.'"

"Aldrich caught my eye as I was sitting behind my client and noticed my look of infinite amusement. His anger yielded to the comedy of the occasion. He burst into a roar of laughter and peace was saved."

"If Lee had spelled the word farce with a 'c' there would have been a battle royal."—Boston Globe.

To Learn to Swim

A person who is timid about the water can overcome the greatest part of the difficulty of learning to swim by the proper use of a wash basin.

The obstacle that nervous persons meet in the water is not the conscious fear of drowning, but an involuntary nervous shock that causes them to gasp for air even before their faces are under water.

It is this gasping for breath that drowns people.

They cannot control the gasping, and consequently they often snap for breath when their mouths are under water. As the buoyancy of a human body is easily disturbed, a few pints or quarts of water swallowed in these involuntary gasping acts serve to sink a person who otherwise would float long enough for help to arrive.

Now if a person afflicted with this involuntary fear of getting under water will thrust the whole face gently into an ordinary basin full of water every day and stay there as long as possible, it will be only a short time before the gasping sensation begins to disappear.

Then the bath tub should be used, so that the bather, lying full length, can immerse the entire head. At first this will bring back all the old frightening sensations of suffocation, but the attacks will be of short duration, and within a few days it will be found that the total immersion can be maintained for almost a full minute without discomfort of any kind.

Once a person has learned how perfectly comfortable one can be under water, the first great step has been taken towards learning to swim.

Many otherwise good swimmers have never really acquired this calmness under water, the result is that when such a swimmer is caught in an undertow or a swirling current, his confidence leaves him as soon as he feels himself dragged under the surface. Instead of diving or remaining motionless and so preserving his breath, he gasps involuntarily and naturally swallows water, and the choking sensation at once forces him to exhale what breath he has left and gasp again.

Confidence under water should be the first lesson in swimming.

No Problem for Him

The honeymoon was over, and they had settled down to show themselves staid and steady old married people.

"Fred," she said, knitting her pretty brows as if greatly perplexed, "I've been trying to arrange things a little systematically to-day."

"Quite right," he said. "It's time we were settled and had everything arranged properly."

"Yes, but, Fred, the fact is—I—I—" "You what? Nothing has gone wrong, has it?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, but every one was so kind to use that I find it a little hard to—to—" "It wouldn't be proper to sell any of the presents, would it?" "Certainly not."

"That's what I feared," she said, with a sigh. "You see, I don't know just what to do with them all."

"Do with them?" he exclaimed, with masculine readiness to settle any problem. "Why, use them, of course."

"But how, Fred? How?" she asked. "We have seven clocks and only a six-room flat."

He gave a low whistle. "Then we have six dozen silver spoons and five cake baskets." He began to look perplexed himself.

"There are fifteen butter knives and eight fruit dishes," she added. He swore to himself, but made no suggestion.

"We have three sets of fruit knives and—"

"Enough!" he exclaimed, "Do what you please with them."

"But, Fred, I want you to—" "They're yours," he interrupted. "They were all given to you, and not to me, weren't they? It wouldn't be fair for me to assume any right to them when they were expressly given to you."

And thus she first learned of man's ability to dodge a difficult problem.

HAD AN "ADOPTED" BABY.

Elephant Foraged for Calf to Replace One That Died.

A remarkably intelligent elephant, working a few years ago on a new bridge in Ceylon, had a young one to whom she was devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable.

Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable, and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest.

One night, about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in a jungle at some distance.

As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim, gray light an elephant with her calf making their way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephants had passed the native insisted that the older one was their old friend, the inconsolable mother.

When they reached the camp they found that the truant had returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen in her absence.

Her good temper and usual docility returned at once, and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to procure a baby elephant.—Sunday Magazine.

BUTCHER WAS ONLY SCARED.

Sequel Proved That He Had Not Lost Anything.

J. Ogden Armour was talking to a group of New York reporters about the butchers' strike.

"When the butchers have trouble," said one of the reporters, "is it true, Mr. Armour, that the public pays?" The meat millionaire laughed.

"Oh, not necessarily," he answered. "Sometimes, though," he went on, "the public pays when the butcher gets in trouble. For instance:

"A butcher had cut off some meat that had been paid for and was carrying it in from the street to his patron's kitchen.

"No sooner did he enter the yard, however, than a big, black dog pinned him to the wall. There he stood, terror-stricken, until the mistress of the house appeared.

"Here, Hero, behave," she said. "The dog sneaked off, and the woman asked the butcher if he had been bitten.

"Has Hero," she inquired, 'hurt you at all?' "No," he replied, 'I kept him off by giving him my chops, and you just arrived in time to save your steak.'"

She Never Lost Money.

Two ladies met the other day and began to talk about their servants.

"I can't trust mine," said one. "I'm actually afraid to leave the house for fear something will be stolen before I get back."

"Why don't you lock everything up and take the keys with you?" asked the other.

"I do lock all my closets and drawers," was the reply, "but it's too much trouble to take the keys with me. Besides, I hide them in an excellent place."

"Where?" asked her companion. "In my box of candy on the mantelpiece," was the answer.

"No wonder you're robbed," exclaimed the other. "Why, you couldn't have chosen a worse place, for your servants are just as fond of sweet things as you are, and your box of candy is the first thing they examine after you leave the house. Now, I hide my keys in my work-box, for I know that my servants have a horror of work and that they will never think of going near it."

Kinship.

So like the sunset of a peaceful day Your presence fell across my weary way, Changing each gray rock into a mass of gold.

And gilding all the cloud waves fold on fold, Your twilight spell upon me settled down.

Your softly sandaled feet touched mine, Your gown Your gently wrapped about me, and grief fled.

For I forgot my heart had ever bled; No longer sobbing pine or ebbing sea Had power to sadden either you or me.

Unto the soul those deep eyes mirrored near, I fondly told each secret wrong and fear, And loved you more because you heeded me.

Then came the day when I did chance to see A glistening tear upon your cheek, and knew

With tender pity, that you suffered, Few Had broken from so brave a heart. The tear

Hung self-confessed, for lo! your sorrow, dear, Was strangely like to mine; the likeness told.

Our silver linked kinship turned to gold. —Charlotte Callahan in Donahoe's Magazine.

No Drug Store Treating Habit.

"Come and have a drink," invited Jones when he met his friend Smith near the bridge terminal a hot afternoon recently.

"Sorry, old man, but I've sworn off!" said Smith a little sadly.

"I meant an ice cream soda," Jones returned hurriedly. "I've sworn off, too."

"Well, I'll go you a soda," said Smith.

They named their flavors and half ate, half drank the mixture which the drug clerk set before them.

"Now, then, have one on me," said Smith when they had finished.

"Oh, I say, Smith, this isn't a bar, you know, and a fellow can't down two of these things in succession."

They went out sady and the drug clerk observed: "And they say the treating habit isn't responsible for hard drinking."—New York Tribune.

The Alligators of Canada

Among the most common sights in the streams and lakes of the Canadian lumber country are alligators. One cannot go up a river in the woods without seeing anywhere from two to half a dozen of them lying on the banks or floating in the water.

Nobody hunts these alligators, and there is no instance known of their attacking anybody. Indeed, the lumbermen swim around right alongside of them, and generally there are from one to three lumbermen sitting on the back of one alligator.

The fact is that the Canadian alligator is not a reptile, but a boat—and a boat as queer in the world of boats as the real alligator is queer in the world of reptiles.

The Canadian alligator boat is an oval, flat thing, with a small boiler and engine bolted to the deck, without any deck house or other structure over it. Two spidery iron paddle wheels on the sides do the propelling.

They look funny enough plunging along, with the skeleton wheels paddling like mad, and a great raft behind them; but the funniest part of the alligator is not seen till the craft happens to get to a shallow place, or till it becomes desirable for some reason to warp a great crib of logs into shore or fasten it to the bank.

Then the alligator proceeds to demonstrate why it is so named. It chugs-chugs calmly to the bank, goes straight at it, up goes its nose on the shore, and the next moment the paddle wheels cease to revolve and the queer boat trundles up on land.

Then the amphibian character of the thing becomes visible. Under the keel of the alligator are wooden rollers. When the queer craft has been forced as far up the bank as the paddle wheels can drive it, chains are run to the nearest tree and brought back to the rollers. The engine gearing is shifted from the paddle wheels to the rollers and the alligator proceeds to pull itself along over the land.

Thus the lumbermen have a boat, a locomotive and a stationary engine combined in their alligators, and the value of such a combination can be realized when it is understood that sometimes they bring down rafts so huge that they will cover a square mile; while the distances over which they are floated are so great that rafts have been known to be three years on the way from the far north to the settled country.

Tale of a Mystery

Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania was reviewing the State militia at Gettysburg. A young staff officer described to him in a low voice some unimportant error that had been made.

"But as to the cause of the error, sir," he said, "that is a mystery." Gov. Pennypacker smiled.

"It is a mystery," he said, "it is like the pickled pork disaster that befell two Pennsylvania Dutchmen, Hans and Fritz."

"These two men bought a lot of pickled pork in partnership. They put it in a barrel, and stored it away in the cellar of Hans' home. Now, Hans, though a Pennsylvania Dutchman, was dishonest. The combination is rare."

"Well, the morning after the deal in pickled pork, Fritz met Hans on the road."

"Good morning, Hans," he said. "Is

there any news about our pickled pork?"

"Fritz," Hans answered gravely, 'there is news, and bad news. A strange thing has happened. It is a mystery to me.'

"Well, Hans, tell me all about it," said Fritz.

"Fritz, my friend, it was like this," said Hans. "This morning I went down cellar to get a piece of pork for my breakfast, and I put my hand down in the barrel, and I felt around in the brine, and there was no pork there. It was all gone—all gone completely. So then I turned up the barrel, and as true as you are alive, the rats had eaten a hole clean through the bottom and dragged the pork all out."

"Fritz was amazed and stunned."

"Why didn't the brine run out of the hole?" he asked.

"Ah, Fritz," said the other, 'that's the mystery. That's the mystery.'"

"For to Admire"

The Indian Ocean sets an' smiles So soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue; There ain't a wave for miles an' miles Except the juggle from the screw. The ship is swep', the day is done, The bugle's gone for smoke an' play; An' back again the settin' sun The Lascars sings, "Hum deeky hai!"

For to admire an' for to see, For to be'old this world so wide— It never done no good to me, But I can't drop it if I tried!

I see the Sergeants pitchin' quoits, I hear the women laugh an' talk, I spy upon the quarter deck, The officers an' l'ydies walk. I thinks about the things that was, An' leans an' looks across the sea, Till, spite of all the crowded ship, There's no one left alive but me.

The things that was which I've seen, In barrick, camp, an' action, too, I tells them over by myself, An' sometimes wonders if they're true; For they was odd—most awful odd— But all the same now they are o'er, There must be caps o' plenty such, An' if I wait I'll see some more.

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books, An' often broke a barrick rule, An' stood beside an' watched myself, Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool. I paid my price for findin' out, Nor never grumbled the price I paid, But sat in Clinck without my boots, Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

Be'old a cloud upon the beam, An' 'umped above the sea appears Old Aden, like a barrick-store, That no one's lit for years an' years! I passed by that when I began, An' 'ome the road I came, A time-expired soldier-man, With six years' service to 'is name.

My girl she said, "Oh, stay with me!" My mother 'eld me to 'er breast, They've never written none, an' so They must 'ave gone with all the rest— With all the rest which I've seen, An' found an' known an' met along, I cannot say the things I feel, But still I sing my evenin' song:

For to admire an' for to see, For to be'old this world so wide— It never done no good to me, But I can't drop it if I tried! —Rudyard Kipling.

Drainage for Good Roads

It is instructive to observe how steadily the feeling is growing that drainage and not thickness of metaling is the main essential in road-making. However much we may respect the memories of Macadam, Telford and other great road builders who first led public authorities toward a sensible method of construction for country highways, the fact remains that many of their recommendations are now known to be misleading. Their advice was important at the time when it was given, but it is not in keeping with the broader knowledge of the present time, gained by careful examination of roads built in strict conformity with well-known specifications. Years ago the theory of thin roads, with a V-shaped drain along the center, received favor. This V-shaped drain is as effective both for removing the water and supporting the metaling as side drains

and a Telford base. Its cost is approximately seventy-seven cents per lineal foot of road less than construction with a Telford base and two drains, and thirty-five cents less than the same base with a single side drain.

This system of construction is directly opposite to that advocated in most of the accepted manuals on the subject. The old idea has been to get the water off the roadbed just as quickly as possible. To accomplish this the subgrade has been crowned and rolled and the lower courses of stone are coarse and often of considerable thickness. By the new system of construction the water remains on the roadbed and is collected by the outlet drains at fifty-foot points, the drainage not being distributed along each side of the road, but concentrated at a regular series of points. —Engineering Record.

Death Was a Suggested Subject.

Tom Johnson of Cleveland was spending a few weeks at a small hotel near Lake Michigan. Accommodations had been engaged in advance, but the service was not such as he had expected. At each meal Mr. Johnson introduced the subject of death. So persistent was he in discussing the morbid theme that it had a depressing effect on the other guests.

"Can't you speak on anything else but death?" asked the landlord in desperation.

"Conversation is prompted by surroundings," explained the mayor.

"But there are no gravestones nor hearses here," protested the landlord, swinging his arms toward the beautiful lake. "Neither is there crepe on the door."

"No," said Mr. Johnson, painfully;

"but if you wanted crepe and couldn't get it, wouldn't this tablecloth make a good substitute?"—Portland Oregonian.

Novelist States Position.

George Meredith has at last fallen victim to the interviewer, and apparently a willing victim. There is something a little reminiscent of the new Swinburne preface in the great novelist's pronouncement as to his work. "The English people know nothing about me," he has confessed. "There has always been something antipathetic between them and me. With book after book it was always the same outcry of censure and disapproval. The first time or two I minded it. Then I determined to disregard what people said altogether, and since that I have written only to please myself."